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red cloth and silk to be tailored into shirts for the women. These European articles are all sold by itinerant vendors who go from market to market setting up their white canvas tents to transact the business of the day. In the Wednesday market at Turīrth I saw one merchant who even displayed a row of balloons.

As may readily be imagined, the market is a beehive of activity except during the month of Ramaḍān, when it is at best only half full. Beside the entrance is a row of market buses and just within it a few *Imzūren* may be seen plying their trades of blacksmithing and ironworking to the accompaniment of the clanging of hammers upon anvils; they are special people from Aith Tuzīn who form an endogamous class of socially inferior status. The tribespeople, from Aith Tuzīn or Tamsamān or Gizināya or Banī Yaṭṭuft (according to the location of the particular market under consideration) as well as from Aith Wuryāghil, filter in in groups, unload their mules and donkeys in the funduq, and start to seek customers for their produce. Although a country boy, the Wuryāghlī is a hard man to swindle, and his itching trigger finger was responsible in the past for turning many a market into a battleground («breaking» the market, in local parlance), despite the fact that markets, like saints' tombs, are considered inviolable and sacred territory, and that, as we have seen, the fine for killing a man in a market was doubled.

In one corner of the market a tribesman is showing the teeth of his mule to a prospective buyer, while in another is the meat market, where a throng of people stand making a bid for a goat, sheep or ox, the carcass of which may be seen suspended from a hook in the roof; just behind it is the *gūrna* or slaughterhouse, where the butchers slit the throats of their charges in the traditional sacrificial manner, under the vigilant eye of a Spanish veterinarian. In the center a group of old women are assembled; they are selling eggs, poultry, bread and handmade pots with a light brown slip and black, painted geometric designs. In the Saturday market at Imzūren the women who sell pottery are mostly negresses from the *thārfiqth* of Isimghān («Blacks», sing. *asmigh*) of Aith 'Alī u 'Aisā in Ajdīr, formerly a client family of the Aith Hājj 'Abd al-Karīm (no kin to the ex-Riffian leader); to the anthropologist, this purely negro group seems to live just like the Riffians around them, and, although they are